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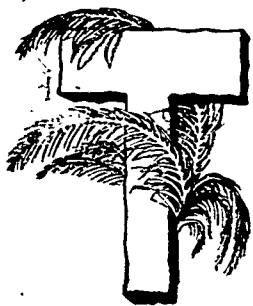
## A Prayer.

IN blackest dark or brightest light,  
If pain be great and pleasure slight,  
At victor's morn or victim's night,  
Still spare to us the manly might.

We pray, O God, this prayer to Thee,  
To live our lives courageously,  
To play our part,—for Thou wilt see  
If foul hold sway where fair should be.

## Dryden—His Time and Work.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.



THE Eighteenth century shows a marked deterioration from the high literary standard held by the two preceding centuries. It was a period of decline, of descent from poetry to prose, from passion to humor and wit, from imagination to mere understanding. Shakspeare and Milton had passed into literary history as the prototypes of their time, and no one can be found in the succeeding age worthy of comparison with the two great geniuses of the Seventeenth century. Yet the Eighteenth century, although its movement was decidedly retrogressive—a fact due perhaps to the peculiar conditions of the time—furnished a necessary transition from the dignified Miltonian period to the unlabored and familiar prose of Addison. But standing midway in reference to these two literary periods is Dryden, a writer possessing at once the characteristics of both.

We know little concerning Dryden's early life beyond the fact that he was born of Puritan parents and that he grew up in that surrounding. Unlike many authors, he did

not look forward in his youth to a literary career, and it is recorded that up to the age of twenty-nine he had no thought of becoming a professional author. This is shown by the fact that before his thirtieth year he had written nothing but school-boy translations and odes, excepting an elegy on the death of Cromwell. His aspirations were rather political since he had many friends among the Republican party which was then in power. But his hopes in this line were soon dispelled, for in 1660 Charles II. regained the throne and the Puritan government fell. With the ascendancy of the new government, Dryden unscrupulously, though perhaps shrewdly, relinquished his Puritanical attachments and sentiments, whereupon his only ambition appeared to be to please the king and his court. This fact he himself admitted: "I confess my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which I live." The chief amusement which the frivolous society of his age enjoyed was that of the theatre. Consequently, the most popular personage of the hour was the successful playwright,—this meant the one whose plays were the most pleasing and acceptable to the corrupt tastes of the time. At this profession Dryden worked industriously and produced many plays with an occasional poem.

In 1667 he wrote the narrative poem, "Annus Mirabilis," describing the horrors of the great plague and fire of 1666 in London, and the war with the Dutch. The undeserved praise and flattery of the king contained in this poem brought Dryden his cherished dream, for, three years later, Charles appointed him to the offices of historian and poet-laureate. Thereafter Dryden advanced rapidly. The king became his patron and he became a court favorite in which his recognized talent and fine personal appearance came not amiss. In 1681 he published his "Absalom and Achitophel," a poetical defense of the king's party.

Dryden's religious belief with its many changes, from Puritan to the Church of England and then to the Catholic Church, has aroused much discussion, and his sincerity has been questioned. His conversions, always so opportune and beneficial from a social and lucrative standpoint, must certainly have been intentional, for Dryden had few, if any, religious scruples or tendencies. When Charles came into power Dryden immediately joined the Church of England and in defense of his action published the "Religio Laici." In 1686 he entered the Roman Catholic Church, at the time when James II. was endeavoring to re-establish Catholicity in England. Though his conversion may have lacked sincerity, many indications tend to prove that Dryden's belief in Catholicity was sincere, for he adhered steadfastly to his creed when William and Mary came to the throne despite the fact that it was detrimental to his interests. He wrote the "Hind and Panther" in defense of the Catholic Church and in sympathy with her misfortunes. Another fact that goes to show at least partial sincerity, was the education of his children in the Catholic belief. His office of poet-laureate was taken away during the reign of William and Mary and his former prosperity about lost. Yet his last years were the most renowned and the most illustrious of his life. Surrounded by foes who rejoiced at his downfall, and afflicted by poverty and ill-health, Dryden continued to write. His latest productions to a large extent were translations in verse of Juvenal, Persius and Virgil. At this time he also wrote his Fables from Chaucer and Boccaccio in modernized form.

From Dryden's poems may be obtained the promise, or perhaps the presentiment, of the artificial and epigrammatic style of the succeeding age. The thoughts to be found in his poems are oftener prosaic than poetic, yet they are admittedly strong, sensible, and well expressed. In satire he was unsurpassed. Pope did not surpass him. The pictures he draws for us of his enemies are both cutting and merciless, as the following lines, directed at his political and literary foe, Thomas Shadwell, will show:

The rest to some faint meaning makes pretense,  
But Shadwell never deviates into sense—  
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull  
With this prophetic blessing—be thou dull.

His satire possessed a characteristically light touch and an ironical sting which is

lacking in the more violent Elizabethan satirists, such as Donne and Marston. The latter loudly denounced and abused those against whom their satire was directed, but the clever and witty sarcasm of Dryden makes the reader feel a personal interest in the subject of satire.

Dryden's versification furnished the model for many succeeding poets, and Pope's admiration for his master and model was so great that he says:

Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic march and energy divine.

Moreover, it is related of Dryden that he visited Milton and asked that illustrious poet's permission to rewrite the epic, "Paradise Lost," in rhymes and present it on the stage in the form of an opera. Milton, who had not obtained as large a return for his great work as he had hoped for, replied: "Ay, you may tag my verses." And in a short time the opera appeared under the title of "The State of Innocence." This story, a critic says, illustrates the characteristics of the two ages—"The Commonwealth was an epic, the Restoration an opera."

In his dramas, Dryden unfortunately pandered to the debased taste of a corrupt society. Shakspeare's dramas were taken from nature—nature always the same; but Dryden's dramas, like those attempted by his co-writers, were taken from a society which would not attend a play that was not steeped in immorality. Dryden's popularity with his contemporaneous audiences is sufficient evidence of the character of his plays. Commendably, however, Dryden acknowledged his transgressions. When a clergyman, Jeremy Collier, charged Dryden with being one of the profaners of the English stage, he wrote:

"I shall say less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to appear otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance."

It is a fact that Dryden did his best work in his old age. Considering his works in chronological order, it will be noticed that his powers of expression and intellect grow steadily and that all his better and higher works, including the best of his dramas, his

satires, odes and translations, were written in the last years of his life.

Dryden was the first English critic of any importance. His "Essay of Dramatic Poesie" was called by Dr. Johnson the "first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing." The form of this work was a dialogue in imitation of Plato. He was also the first notable writer of modern English prose. His style was simple, direct, and almost colloquial, directly in contradistinction to the heavy periods of Milton and the writers preceding him. In regard to Dryden's influence on English prose, Lowell wrote: "English prose is indebted to Dryden for having freed it from the cloister of pedantry. He, more than any other single writer, contributed, as well by precept as example, to give it suppleness of movement and the easier air of the modern world. His own style, juicy with proverbial phrases, has that familiar dignity so hard to attain, perhaps unattainable by anyone who, like Dryden, feels that his position is assured."

Dryden was a popular writer, not only of dramas, but along other lines, and that he was appreciated by the contemporary society his death shows. For twelve years he had lived in poverty and neglect, his belief in Catholicity barring him from any royal favors or political assistance, and when he died his family made arrangements to bury his remains in a humble style, the best their limited means could afford. The popular spirit of appreciation, however, now became manifest. A large subscription was raised, contributions to which were easily obtained from all sides, and a magnificent funeral was given the remains of one of England's noblest literary men. His body was buried with imposing services between the graves of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and Cowley, the imitator of Pindar, in Westminster Abbey.

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### The Heaven.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07

The clouds in ever-changing form  
Make kingdoms vast in marble wrought  
As white as that Pentelicus  
Once gave as mansions for the gods,  
And there the fancy loves to roam  
'Mongst tap'ring spires and turrets tall  
'Mid infinite perspectives held.

### The Decision.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Young Harry Durand was unanimously voted an odd number by the men of his set. He loved neither gambling nor woman nor drink. He believed in nothing and doubted no one with a sublime contentment that pleased or annoyed his friends according to each individual temperament. He hungered not for fame or gain, and a plenitude of both came to him. If there were really anything in the teachings of Buddha (with apologies to the few millions who believe that there is) Durand's spirit—could Durand have been brought to admit such an entity—would have passed of its own volition into Nirvana; for he was a man without desire; not blasé but merely content to sit a spectator where so many crave to play a part, satisfied to watch the "wild world go its ways." And though many a fair one and her mamma graciously looked upon him (for his standing from point of family and finance was beyond question) he was not sufficiently interested to do more than smile dryly at the too evident pit-falls thus dug to tempt him from the paths of single blessedness. You might have doubted that he was flesh and blood,—were it not for one thing.

Reginald Stuyven broke the news to Durand's club. He began his tale with Horton for his sole listener, but before the end he had been compelled to go back to the beginning three times, to the dismay and disgust of Horton. The climax ran something like this: "Yes, sir, old Durand's in love; madly, I tell you,—and the funny thing is he doesn't know anything about the girl, nothing at all; and she entirely discourages his attentions, doesn't want to have anything to do with him!" They all agreed that it was good enough for the skeptical old Stoic, and that they had all predicted it.

Stuyven's story was true. The situation was entirely novel to Durand who had never in his life wanted anything badly, and who had received in abundance all the things he had barely desired. That night, when he walked into the club, Horton, who was in fact young, laughed out in a voice that made all present raise their heads and look: "Oh, I say, Benedict, the married man!" But Durand merely half-turned and the silence became painful.

He did not even stop. Evidently it was not a matter of humor with him. He confided the whole affair to Clancy, his closest friend. He spoke in an unsteady voice, and his blood-shot eyes and shaking hand showed the tension to which his nerves were drawn. Clancy, who at first had been inclined to treat the affair lightly, looked perplexed before the conclusion. When Durand finished Clancy could not easily summon a word to say. After a silence he said awkwardly: "Cheer up, old man, it will come out all right!" But his tone was not reassuring.

"You see," Durand had said, "I took law when I went to Harvard and got a *sheep-skin*. Since then I have kept a little office down town. I don't know why I keep the office, for it is only at intervals, sometimes of months, that I go near the place. Charlie, the colored boy, keeps it in order, and smilingly tells callers—perhaps clients, for the range of human probability is large—that I'll be in soon. Well, one day not long ago, when I had nothing better to do, I went down to the place, and who should come in but a young woman that wished some information concerning the transfer of real estate to religious corporations. I told her the matter required some research (my stereotyped answer to all clients), and would she please come the following day. For some unknown reason I myself appeared again at the office the next day, and went into the case of the transfer with some interest. After that there was a conference every day for a week. Finally, the lady said she was tired of my dilatory tactics and she would seek legal advice elsewhere. I pleaded such illness as had precluded serious mental effort; I apologized for the waste of time, and promised to have a complete opinion in writing the next day. That night I did do some serious thinking and arrived at a conclusion—but not about real estate. I made up my mind that I loved Miss Margaret Doland—for that's her name—and that I wanted her for my wife. Accordingly, the next day, I formally proposed marriage, and offered to satisfy her concerning my family, means, and myself."

"Well, wasn't that just a little precipitate?" asked Clancy.

"I know, I know," answered Durand twisting his hands impatiently, "but what else could I do?" And Clancy, knowing him well, was unable to answer. He finally asked:

"What did Miss Doland do?"

"Why," said Durand, "she first looked

frightened and thought I was a madman, I guess; but I spoke so earnestly again that she was reassured on that point at least. Then I saw that she was going to faint, so I dashed over to the office opposite and two stenographers came over and took care of her. In a few minutes she was apparently well again, so I called a cab and had her taken home."

"Why not call on her?" asked Clancy.

"Why, man," answered Durand rising excitedly, and throwing his hand out in a wild gesture of despair, "I called at the address she gave the cabman five times last evening always to be told that she was not in. At last I forced my way past the footman, then of course apologized, tipped him, and came out again. He looked after me helplessly and said nothing."

"Why don't you write?" asked Clancy.

"Oh, I have," answered Durand hopelessly, "there's no use." Then he gripped his friend's hand and said, "I believe I am going insane,—Oh, I am just a big fool to let a girl I know absolutely nothing of disturb me this way."

The postman rang twice before Durand heard him. He opened the letter and read:

MR. H. DURAND,

DEAR SIR:—Your letter has been received. I regret that I have been the cause of your misfortune. I may as well state that I am about to become a novice in St. Anne's convent, with the intention of becoming a Sister of the order, as soon as I can comply with the requirements. It was to that end that I consulted you concerning the law on real estate transfer. While I am deeply sorry for the state of affairs that you say exists, of course I can receive no further communication from you; and I trust that as you are a gentleman the matter ends here.

Sincerely,

MARGARET DOLAND.

"What shall I do?" Durand asked Clancy, in a dazed fashion.

"Monte Carlo," answered Clancy, "drink deep and play hard." The next steamer bore him away.

The Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Charles was very much surprised to receive a letter postmarked Milan. She was still more surprised at its contents. Durand made a good plea for himself; if properly delivered it should have won the jury in a murder trial. He had learned from Clancy, who accompanied him, that a novice does not immediately take final vows; and though hardened gamblers stared at his reckless play, and Clancy had finally advised him to stop, Durand was

unable to forget. He merely begged that should Miss Doland decide that her vocation was not religious that he might be made known of it. Because of health and another reason Miss Doland was given a month's leave. The Mother Superior, a woman of experience and mature judgment, advised that she spend these weeks with her aunt in New York.

Durand was in Venice when a cablegram from New York informed him that Miss Doland was visiting a fashionable lady of the Four Hundred. He immediately sailed for home; and on the day of his arrival despatched a note to the lady's address asking permission to call. His friends all remarked his improved appearance.

Durand and Clancy finally escaped from their fellows and sat down in a quiet nook beside an open window. The breath of Spring was upon them. Through the window came the strains of the "Magnificat" chanted by the choir of the great cathedral across the street.

"Easter Sunday!" said Clancy.

"Yes, Durand went on, "a beautiful legend, to say the least. And I'm beginning to think that there's something back of this religion after all. The beauty and joy of this earth couldn't have come about by mere chance. What do you think?"

"That love is a great enchanter," answered Clancy wistfully. He remembered when Easter meant more than a legend for him. But that was long ago.

"Mr. Durand!" called out a messenger boy, and delivered a letter and a telegram. Durand tore open the message, half drew it out and then something about the letter arrested his gaze. He stared vacantly, then handed the letter to Clancy, saying, "My own letter." There was stamped upon it "St. Luke's Hospital. Deceased March 24." The telegram read, "Miss Doland died at three p. m. from operation." From the cathedral came the chant of the Hundred and Forty-seventh Psalm:—"Et judicia sua non manifestavit eis,—And His judgments He hath not made manifest to them."

NOTHING contents a noble mind but inner progress, the growth and culture of his own being. To be esteemed wise or happy has no importance for him. If he is so, it is enough; if not, the false opinions concerning him can not be of help.—*Spalding*.

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE BOYISH BOY.

YOU may sing of joys that please you,  
Of the operas and balls,  
Concerts, banquets, picnic parties,  
And a round of social calls;  
You may prate of your havanas,  
But to me 'tis greater joy  
Just to watch the simple antics  
Of a really boyish boy.

Just a hearty, healthy fellow  
That is brimming o'er with glee  
When he's turned upon the campus,  
Active, happy, bright and free;  
Not a lad that's much precocious,  
Not a little Fontleroy,  
But a simple, sportive Minim—  
Just a really boyish boy.

There is music in his laughter,  
Rogish mischief in his eye;  
And his energy—'twill save, perhaps,  
Our country bye and bye;  
And I'm certain that the greatest  
Of the pleasures I enjoy  
Is to stand and watch the capers  
Of a really boyish boy.

G. E. G.

#### A CHILD'S SONG.

Ere the bustle and the hustle  
Of the world had got astir,  
Ere the twitter of the snow-bird  
Was heard out in the fir,  
'Fore the morning breeze was blowing  
And heaping up the snow,  
There came a sound unto my ear  
So charming and so low.

The voice was clear as silver,  
I knew a mere child sang,  
As out upon the morning air  
The crystal echoes rang.  
He made no straining effort;  
No thought of show was there—  
'Twas a simple, childish melody  
So beautiful, so rare.

The song was old and sacred  
And he sang it o'er and o'er,  
The solemn waves re-echoed  
Down the vaulted corridor.  
And as I listened to him  
The thought came to my mind  
That only at the eternal court  
Such music shall we find.

T. I.

The Life and Works of Robert Louis  
Stevenson.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

PART II.

STEVENSON'S ESSAYS AND TREASURE ISLAND.

PERSONAL APPRECIATIONS.

Stevenson's life has been thus treated that the *personal element* in it might be traced, and that the circumstances might be known under which his various works were written. The quotations from him were chosen both to give his own words about his varied surroundings and also to afford characteristic extracts from some of his works not so generally read. The principal works and the time at which they were written have been carefully noted in the foregoing sketch on Stevenson's life.

Personally, Stevenson's essays first won me over to this writer. To me there is a good-natured comradeship and approachableness about these lighter works that place the author very near his reader. His notions on life and morality are not very philosophical, and his gospel of living hardly a safe working guide; but he has said so many manly things in such an original way that he, with good desert, takes hold of the sympathies and interest of all his younger readers. He is confidential and reminiscent to a considerable degree, and he imposes his own affairs upon the public with the most reckless abandon; yet, to me, it is this naturalness and liberality of confidence that principally attracts.

If Stevenson writes of childish games, or of the boyish fairy-tales, or of his own family, he strikes the true note in both interest and expression. One finds oneself re-reading sentences, not so much, perhaps, because of the substance as the expression; nevertheless this should not detract from the credit due Stevenson for the pleasure he gives. All writers are principally concerned in saying old things in a new way, and when Stevenson can take matters of trivial note and interpret them in the most charming periods, I can not see why he should be blamed or called too self-conscious and presuming.

That young reader—though it is hardly necessary to restrict this to the young—who can read one of Stevenson's essays in

"*Virginibus Puerisque*" without immediately reading all the others, has an exceptional literary constitution of mind and heart. These essays contain a confidential tone that might be interesting even in a less perfect setting; but when combined with that final touch of Stevenson's style, that sense of abandon and carelessness in dealing with words and sentences—an abandon most studiously affected—they succeed in taking the reader's heart. This is not trickery, or merely art; it is the fair, legitimate right of the essayist or the novelist. I never could take kindly to the arguments which the hard-headed schoolmen direct against any personal confidence or confession in literature. Why is a man weak or effeminate because he may write of personal matters, or because he may give a sane, frank, medium of expression to such writings? Too much carefulness of detail in learning and philosophy has stunted the very little generosity of heart some of the present-day critics started with.

If Stevenson is inconsistent at times in his essays, and fails to hold the same sustaining interest throughout all the chapters of his romances, he is still delightful in his inconsistency. And it is to be doubted if he could have written in the same charming style if the harsh and more scientific accuracy of Mr. Henley's mental constitution had been his. Most evidently, had Mr. Stevenson been Mr. Henley, he would not have been himself. There are flashes of real genius in the scenes found in some of Stevenson's romances; however, an admirer of him must admit that this high key of sustaining interest does not hold throughout any of his longer works with the possible exception of "*Treasure Island*." At the same time, all his romances are models of clearness, of brevity of expression, and are of compelling incident.

A remark of Stevenson's in his essay "*Aes Triplex*" strikes the keynote in the author's life and work. And the spirit contained in the following quotation is the manly, courageous spirit that added a very considerable gift to a large circle of English readers: "And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination?" There is indeed a better grace in being



suddenly taken off when a man is in full possession of his powers. Stevenson well said that that must have been in the mind of the Greeks when they said that those whom the gods love die young.

This quality in Stevenson, apart from his literary accomplishment, made him give out the very best that was in him without complaint or discouragement, and this must deserve praise; for such belongs to a manly struggle. Death did not take an illusion from his heart; and during those years that he, a doomed man, barely lived, the happiest and noblest qualities shone in his writings and his deportment. This is where the *personal element* should show somewhat to his credit in criticism; it should make the critic see not only the writer, but the man. The noise of the mallet and chisel was scarcely quenched or the pen laid aside when "trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shot into the spiritual land."

Stevenson's essays cover a wide range. His critical essays were the most pretentious; yet with the exception of his papers on Burns and Whitman, probably these essays are not his happiest ventures. For it is when he speaks of children and playthings and the old fancies that he most pleases; and here, in truth, he is the most at home. His "Child's Garden of Verses" is an original and pleasing proof of his love for the child and the child's. His plea to the parent to spare the child a little while longer, that he would come out of his garden soon enough and have to go into the office and witness-box, shows the generosity and largeness of heart that distinguished Stevenson's bearing toward men as well as children. "Let the children doze amongst their playthings yet a little! for who knows what a rough, wayfaring existence lies before them in the future?"

Another quality that makes Stevenson's written work so agreeable and readable is the closeness with which he gets at nature in his descriptions. There are few prose writers that have ever used as excellent taste and as blameless an art in weather description. In his walking tours and other journeys, when he sought strength directly from the soil and air, he got near to nature; and what he writes is no hollow imitation, but it is alive with the real strength and ruggedness of the storm and the mountain. He truly observed that man falls in love, drinks hard and runs to and fro upon the earth like a frightened

sheep; yet, he asks, when all is done "would you not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking?" Stevenson was obliged to roam, but all the same he appreciated the essential truth that it is not those who carry the flags that have the fun of the procession, but rather those who look upon it from the private chamber.

Stevenson carried the flag an immeasurable distance before he was satisfied to watch the procession from the private chamber, if, to read his life, it would appear he was housed the most of the time. At all events, the strenuousness of life he craved is found in the virility of his writings. And he knew very well that grown people can tell themselves stories, give and take strokes until "the bucklers ring," ride far and fast, marry, fall and die; and all the while be sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed.

Stevenson deplored the day when the pleasure of surprise had passed away, and sugar-loaves and water-carts seemed too lame encounters. After that transition man must walk the streets to make romances and to socialize. And he cleverly observed in this connection that it must be admitted that many men walk the streets solely for the purpose of transit, or in the interests of a livelier digestion. This last sarcastic observation gives the best notion of Stevenson's nearness to nature in both creed and experience.

"An Apology for Idlers" and "Pan's Pipes" are about the happiest of Stevenson's lighter essays. His notions on the real constitution of idleness were true and original, although they did not come from an idler. When a man ploughs distressfully up the road manifestly bent on something strenuous, it does ruffle him somewhat to see his fellow lying quietly in some shady meadow, and, confidently, accomplishing more there in the quiet. Alexander was touched in a delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. And in regard to airs played upon "Pan's Pipes," the airs are such as birds sing among the trees in pairing time; the sound of the rain falling far and wide upon the leafy forest; the tune of the fisherman's whistle as he hauls in his filled net at morning. "Pan's" joyful measures are the coarse mirth of herdsmen striking out high echoes from the rock; the time of moving feet in the lamplit city, or on the smooth ballroom floor; the song of hurrying rivers; the color of clear skies, and smiles and the live touch of hands.

The happy constitution of Stevenson's mind is nowhere better shown than in "El Dorado," where he says there is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and though all of us dwell on a small planet and are immersed in petty businesses and we do not endure for a long period of years, yet we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping holds as long as the term of life. It is such sane observations that make Stevenson's essays so pleasurable; for there is color in all of them, and wit too,—and if sometimes sober they are never sentimentally sad. To Stevenson life was a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless man might have some interest in the piece; and to those who might have neither art nor science, the world was a mere arrangement of colors, or a rough footway where man could very well break his shins.

The interest and pleasure taken in "Treasure Island,"—to turn to Stevenson's happiest romance—is something of the kind the older brother gets when he steals the reading of some thrilling story of adventure over the shoulder of his absorbed young brother, or the downright pleasure the father gets out of the parental duty that forces him to take the children to the circus. The secret of Stevenson's hold on what is youthful in the man is the wealth of incident and narrative found in his romances. He excels in incident. What Henry James is in characterization and Fielding is in passion, Stevenson is in incident and narration. His stories are easy reading—not easy in the sense that they are weak or flimsy, but because of his art in the selection of details.

In no one of Stevenson's romances is an incident related which has not essential bearing on the movement of the tale. This accounts for the extremely few dry and uninteresting pages in his stories. The manner in which he tells the tale—most frequently in the first person—shows the cleverest art both in naturalness of expression and in change of the point of view.

In "Treasure Island," Stevenson indulged his boyish passion by beginning the tale in an old sea inn: "I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up his lodging under our roof." There, the story is running, and it proves to be one full of incident. The half-hearted critics that

score Stevenson's work in characterization must avow that his pirates are men of blood. Nor can anyone soon forget "Captain Jones" with the sabre cut, his one leg and

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

This old sea dog was consistent to the last, and lived a fiend most naturally drawn. No wonder he haunted the boy's dreams. Then there was "Dr Livesey": "I remember observing the contrast—the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared, scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table." The "Doctor" was the prim, quick-moving man throughout; and one of Stevenson's cleverest touches is where the "Doctor" complains of the malaria-laden land on "Treasure Island."

"John Silver" is Stevenson's star pirate as he curses and hobbles through this stirring romance on that *timber* leg of his. A most natural bit is where the boy hides in the apple barrel aboard the ship and overhears "Long John" proselytizing a new pirate: "But now, you look here: you're young, you are, but you are as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man!" That same taking little speech had been addressed to the boy at his first meeting with "Silver," and by means of it "Long John" had quite taken the boy's fancy; but now the mighty "Silver" had fallen.

If the boat is made to do some very impossible manœuvring off "Treasure Island," that does not take much from the author's truth in details. Stevenson knew a ship tolerably well for a landsman, and why he made the "Hispaniola" do such impossible shifts is hard to say.

No quality in all of Stevenson's writings—this has been noted before—is happier than his weather-description. As he said, no human being ever spoke of weather or scenery above two minutes at a time, and he puts his belief into practice. The descriptive bits so carefully set in all of his works sometimes come near the poetical for their setting and aptness. In his travel-notes his descriptions are more pretentious, and frequently make poetical prose. But it is in his tales that Stevenson draws a few bold strokes, and a whole scene is before you. Here is an example of his characteristic brevity taken from "Treasure Island":



"Looking up I found the moon had risen and was silvering the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted, 'Land, ho!'"

A novel incident was the boy's meeting with poor "Ben Gunn" on the island. "Ben" had been marooned for three years, and was heart-sore for Christian diet; he felt the stuff of the boy's jacket, smoothed his hands, looked at his boots, then said, as the account reads:

"Now, you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, apparently quite pleased.

"Well now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother, to look at me?" he asked.

"Why no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but I had—*remarkable* pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones!"

There are no women characters of interest in this romance. It does not centre on woman's love, for the ruling passion here is gold. It is a novel of quick-moving, absorbing interest, and its like will not soon be written. Stevenson wastes few words in describing any of his characters; he appreciated keenly that at best an author's description of his characters goes for very little; that the heroine can not open her mouth before the fine descriptive phrases fall from round her like the robes from Cinderella, and the character stands before the reader self-betrayed, a "poor, ugly sickly soul," where the author had described a veritable paragon. Stevenson was shrewd enough to appreciate his limitations in the delineation of female characters. His men live and breathe, but he did not devote himself so happily to the creation of women characters.

One reason for Stevenson's failure to go further in the delineation of women characters has seemed to be his almost too intimate knowledge of the inconsistencies of the sex. He pertinently remarked in one of his essays on the uselessness for man to argue with a woman. He says that man may employ reason, adduce facts, be supple, be smiling, be angry,

but all these dispositions of mind and behavior will avail him nothing. What the woman said first, that—unless she had forgotten it—she will repeat at the end.

"John Silver's" deceitful but ingenious arguments in the Block House, and his wily play of the turncoat when caught at the treasure-place shows Stevenson's best art. When "Silver" was playing his last card and his disgruntled companions were about to mutiny, "Ben Gunn," their sworn enemy, hid in the woods above, and with trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words:—

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

The color went from six pirate faces like enchantment. Again the voice above the clefts of the Spy-glass: "Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" Now the pirates were too terrified to speak, but "Silver" still held his courage: "Sperrit? Well, maybe. But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know! That ain't in natur', surely?"

Thus did this keenness of mind show the natural logic and dauntlessness of this reeking pirate. There is an attractiveness in the extent to which "Silver" goes in his deviltry, and his vice is so black that there seems to be a certain virtue in the blackness with which it is drawn. Stevenson's villains in the "New Arabian Nights" and his other romances are sometimes more genteel and plausible in manner of operation; but in no one of these tales does he somehow strike that true note which has made his "Treasure Island" the greatest modern romance of its kind.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

### On Hearing an Orchestra.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

The sound of rushing wind through endless groves  
Now slow subsides into a subtle sigh,  
A mellow lute gave to the listening air,  
A note that died within the hare-bell's cup,  
And mocking Echo was transfixed with awe  
And answering call forgot to make;  
But now in mighty torrents throng the strains,  
A soul in woe cries out in one long wail  
That shuddering on high sinks in a moan—  
Our charmed senses are to music found  
As vibrant as the string is to the bow.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—The season of sorrow and penance is past, for the impressive ceremonials of Holy Week came to an end at the Easter celebration of Mass. The church never presented a more beautiful and inspiring appearance than it did last Sunday. Very Reverend Father Zahm was celebrant, Father Regan deacon and Father Corbett subdeacon at the Mass. Father Corbett delivered the sermon. The congregational singing of the *Te Deum* was uplifting in volume and fervor. Easter Monday is past also, and the coming of spring days should renew the studiousness and application of the classmen, for much must be done before the books are balanced and put by for this scholastic year.

—A well-known writer recently pointed out what he considered to be a new national sin, "worry"—the word which generations have placidly believed "spells short life and early death." To both of these assumptions strong exception may be taken. In the first place instead of a national sin it may well be regarded as a national blessing. For what was ever done that was really worth the doing that did not demand "worry?" And as a rule, is not the greatness of an accom-

plishment invariably marked by the amount of "worry" it entailed? It is not a lately-discovered national sin, but it has always been our universal blessing. It takes "worry" to start the mental machinery—to overcome inertia both physical and mental—and it takes "worry" of some kind or other to keep the machinery in motion. "Worry" produces different results in different men. Humboldt says that even those who do nothing that can be called work still imagine they are doing something; that the world has not a man who is an idler in his own eyes. "Worry" in the careers of men who really do things does not "spell short life," geniuses and men of great labor usually live beyond the years of other men. "Worry" is a condition more sinned against than sinning.

—Nearly all men are agreed that songsters were not created to adorn woman's bonnet, and a majority of legislators has enacted that these selfsame songsters were not created to be shot. The legislators do not treat the matter sentimentally, nevertheless there is a penalty on the Statute Books for the killing of song-birds. Their presence enters into the fundamental notions of Spring. The Spring is incomplete without them. One would not trample down violet beds just for the sport of tramping, why should one shoot birds just for the sport of shooting? Shoot *clay* pigeons! Even the call of the crow is not unpleasant at summer sunrise; much less unpleasant is the call of the quail or the song of the meadow-lark at spring sunset. Fruit and flowers may be useful or ornamental when taken from nature's breast; there is but one place for the bright-colored songster and that is at his song. Besides, the flowers that go to adorn the woman's bonnet principally are wax or cloth, while the impaled bird is all genuine but his eyes—these on bonnets appear to be made of glass. Neither are plumes and songs inseparable. The ostrich does not sing. Robins and blue-birds, and jays also, do sing. Suppose they did not, why harm them?

—The evening of Saturday, April the sixteenth, has been set on which the annual Oberlin-Notre Dame Debate will take place. Our representatives may rely on the moral, intellectual, and physical support—in way of applause—of the student body. May another victory abide with us!

## Hamnet Shakspeare.

On Easter Monday the Philopatrian Society of Carroll Hall presented Mr. John Lane O'Connor's new Romantic Play in three acts, "Hamnet Shakspeare," before a large and appreciative audience. The Philopatians have invariably scored in the presentation of their annual Easter play, and that they again justified their past reputation is attested by the interest manifested by the audience throughout the play and the frequent applause that was given. The play centres about the young son of William Shakspeare, Hamnet. The lad, who has shown an inclination to follow in the footsteps of his celebrated father, is engaged in the preparation of a play to be given by himself and his youthful companions in honor of his father's return from a strolling tour. At this point Hamnet is suddenly kidnapped at the instance of Ned Burton, a dismissed member of one of Shakspeare's troupes of players, and an inveterate and envious enemy of the great poet.

The boy is treated very roughly by the gypsies, and during the same night he is rescued by Ned Burton, a fellow actor and admirer of the playwright. Brewster, however, in guise of an aged mendicant, gains entrance to Shakspeare's house and administers poison to Hamnet before his father's return. Shakspeare snatches the disguise from Brewster and is about to kill him when the dying lad pleads for the man's life; his plea is granted, then the lad dies.



JOHN LANE O'CONNOR.

Mr. John Lane, O'Connor, former professor in elocution and oratory, has always taken an untiring personal interest in the Philopatrian Society and this year's success is owing greatly to the trouble and care he took to write this charming juvenile play for them. Hamnet is original in plot and treatment. An additional feature is its adaptability for the use of a society like the Philopatrian.



GROUP OF PLAYERS IN "HAMNET."

Mr. O'Connor knows the practical workings of the stage, and his past experience shows to advantage in this new play.

Master Clarke, in the title-rôle of Hamnet, acquitted himself very creditably, especially in the last scene when with his dying breath he besought his father, William Shakspeare, to forgive his murderer, the villainous Brewster. Master Clarke was well fitted both in voice and appearance for the character of the son of Shakspeare, and his acting created a very favorable impression. The part of Ned Burton, Shakspeare's friend and the rescuer of Hamnet, was well taken by Master J. R. Morrison. He has a good voice, splendid stage presence and sustained his character excellently. Rob Bunch, the humorous "devil's brew," a loving, careless, happy-go-lucky servant in the master's house, kept the crowd in a merry mood by his actions. Mr. B. O. Leftwich essayed this part and made a decided hit. Mr. C. Joy's impersonation of Wat Brewster, the cruel murderer of Shakspeare's child, was of a high order. J. Condon, as chief of the Gypsies, merits mention.

Mr. D. Knox as the Gypsy lieutenant and Mr. George Kreer as William Shakspeare, played their respective parts well. The song of the Gypsies, a catchy little strain, was well rendered by the chorus of Gypsies in the second act. In fact the play was a decided success, and reflects great credit upon the Philopatrian Society, Professor Henry Dickson, who trained the young actors so well, and Brother Cyprian, whose indefatigable zeal and labors in behalf of the society made the success possible.

The University Orchestra, under Professor Petersen, deserves especial commendation. The work of the Orchestra has been much complimented. The following is the substance of the Easter Monday programme, including caste of players and the musical numbers:

#### HAMNET SHAKSPERE.

##### A ROMANTIC PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

Written for the Philopatrians by Mr. John Lane O'Connor, and produced under the direction of Prof. Henry Dickson.

Hamnet Shakspeare.....	M. J. Clarke
William Shakspeare, Hamnet's father.....	Geo. Kreer
Aaron Hathaway, Hamnet's great uncle.....	D. F. Kelly
Willie Hart, Hamnet's cousin.....	J. Fox
Bob Bunch, servant at Shakspeare's.....	B. O. Leftwich
Ned Burton.....	J. R. Morrison
Wat Brewster.....	C. Joy
Diavolo, chief of the Gypsies.....	J. Condon

Adriano.....	M. Wallerstein
Yeppo.....	C. T. McDermont
Bozzo.....	D. Knox
Roberio.....	J. C. Fanger
Karpo.....	E. L. Symonds
Pedro.....	O. Feltwich
Edwardo.....	Gypsies.....V. Hearn
Elvino.....	T. J. Popp
Luigi.....	P. A. Weisse
Giovani.....	M. B. Carraber
Cecato.....	C. A. Sorg
Valerio.....	W. Heyl
Silvio.....	L. McCabe
Tom Brown.....	E. McGrath
Dick Norman.....	L. E. Symonds
Harry Hall.....	Stratford boys.....E. L. Mooney
Jack Lee.....	Hamnet's companions.....P. Powell
Bert King.....	C. B. O'Connor
Geo. Barnes.....	T. Butler

#### MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

Selection—"Carmen".....Arr. by T. M. Tobani  
 Selection—"Babes in Toy Land".....By Vict. Herbert  
 Selection—"The Tenderfoot".....Arr. by H. Anderson  
 O'R.

#### Personals.

—Robert Krost, B. S. '02, and Frank Petritz, E. E. '03, were welcome visitors. "Doc" is attending Northwestern Medical School in Chicago, while Frank is Technical expert in the Automatic Telephone service at Grand Rapids, Mich.

—Among the enthusiastic supporters of Notre Dame's track men who took part in the meet held at St. Louis two weeks ago were Messrs. George Stuhlfauth, '00, John L. Corley, '02, John Shetterly, "Suzanna" Hunt, "Ducky" Hemp, and Ernest Sheble, all former students at Notre Dame. They extended a welcome to our boys, and made many inquiries for friends and acquaintances here.

—The Ambassador from Austria-Hungary, Baron Charles Giskra, of Washington, D. C., accompanied by the Austrian-Hungarian Consul, Alexander Nubel, of Chicago, together with Reverend Father Biro, C. S. C., visited the University Wednesday. The Honorable Ambassador was visiting the Hungarians of South Bend in order to report to Emperor Francis Joseph the status of his people in South Bend, where is found the second largest settlement of Hungarians in the United States. The largest is found in Cleveland, Ohio.

—Visitors' Register:—Misses Kasper and Koch, Lester W. Renyon, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kasper, Mrs. Symonds-Clarke, Miss Florence Quinlan, P. M. and Elizabeth Baumgardener, John E. Pfeffer, R. H. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Buxbaum, Margaret Slattery, Chicago; Mrs. and Miss Conner, Indianapolis; Mrs. George Munson, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Carey, Utica, New York; J. A. Donahue, Philadelphia; Robert E. O'Brien, Syracuse, New York; Miss M. Wood, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. M. Carey, Lapeer, Mich.; Mrs. J. J. McCabe, Mrs. T. M. Popp and R. J. Dashbach, Pittsburg; Mrs. W. L. Connelly, Toledo; Miss Doyle, Winchester; Miss Sproule, Evanston.

## Canada and England.

The impetus given the movement toward the ultimate separation of Canada from England as a dependent province by the recent united action on the part of prominent leaders of anti-British sentiment in Canada, is of grave political importance, not only to England and Canada, but also to the United States. The Boer war furnished one of the first causes for an outspoken utterance of this sentiment, the reason for which was the alleged injustice and unconstitutionality of England's demand that Canadian troops be sent to South Africa. Much discussion was aroused at the time, which was anti-British in effect. This sentiment gained a strong foothold particularly among the great population who were not of direct English descent.

After the Boer war was concluded, the matter rested quietly until the present Russo-Japan war began when it was foreseen that, should certain complications arise, England might be drawn into an Eastern war. Naturally, if such a crisis should come about, Canada would again be placed in the same position she was placed during the Boer war—namely, she would be made to furnish native Canadian troops to fight on foreign territory and in a cause not of Canada's making. So widespread has become the sentiment in Canada that official organs of the movement have already been established. And the pro-English statesmen of Canada have given the matter most serious attention. Only two weeks ago in a speech, an anti-English leader stated that England was a decadent nation, and that in return for the Canadian blood that has been and might be poured out in England's behalf on foreign battlefields, Canada would derive no benefit except the mere title to a "protection" from England that is worth practically nothing.

But the effect of the ultimate success of such an anti-English movement upon the relative position of Canada and the United States, is what most directly interests us. In the event of such an outcome to the present movement, would Canada demand complete independence? If so, and this accomplished, would she desire a national status, or would she desire union with the United States? This is one of the great Western problems of the future.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

## The Senior Reception.

On last Monday evening the Senior Ball, the greatest social event of this scholastic year, was held in the upper hall of the gymnasium. Elaborate arrangements had been made for the occasion, and when at eight o'clock the conveyances from South Bend began to arrive, the brilliantly lighted hall truly became a place where could

Youth and beauty meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

Upon entrance, coats and wraps were checked on the first floor, then when supplied with programmes the pleasure-seekers ascended to the ball-room. Here the members of the decorating committee had displayed their taste and skill in an artistic manner. Gold and blue bunting with long streamers of the same colors ornamented the hall on every side. The Stars and Stripes loosely draped, together with pennants and banners—trophies won in past athletic contests—also adorned the walls. High on either side hung the monogram of the University and the draped '04 of the Senior class. The gymnasium was an ideal place for the senior hop, and merry dancers shared the inspiration of the occasion.

The first dance was reserved for seniors in caps and gowns, and as Professor Petersen's orchestra, which had been secured for the evening, played the opening bars, the scene became an edifying one indeed. At the second number the floor was immediately occupied by sixty couples composed of seniors, juniors and other invited guests.

The weary dancers later discovered the presence of a punch bowl thoughtfully placed in a convenient corner of the hall. It was presided over by the Misses Connolly and Mooney who have been visiting their brothers at the University. At eleven o'clock there was an intermission during which suitable refreshments were served.

The happy company did not linger very long at their refreshment. The gymnasium floor was soon filled again with care-free couples. At length as the last measures of "Home, Sweet Home" died away and the much-dreaded electric "wink" came from the dynamo room, somewhat reluctantly the last "good nights" were said and all made homeward from what has been pronounced the

most successful social event of its kind in the history of Notre Dame.

Many distinguished guests favored the class by their presence on this occasion. Our Reverend President, accompanied by our genial Prefect of Discipline, also Fathers McGuire and Corbett, honored the assembly by their presence for a time. Professor John Ewing, Mayor Fogarty Hon. George Clark, Mr. E. Vanderhoof, Dr. Berteling, Dr. Stoeckley, Mr. W. McInerny and others attended, and their presence was appreciated by the class.

The ball was a signal success, and the Senior Class wishes to tender its thanks to members of the faculty and others who by their assistance contributed toward making it such.

G. G.

### Athletic News.

The managers of the Minim and ex-Minim track teams are endeavoring to arrange an outdoor meet, to take place soon. We hope they may agree on this point, as an out-door contest between the little fellows would be rare sport and would also settle the much-mooted question of supremacy between them. Unusual activity in all branches of sport has been shown by the St. Edward's Hall boys during the past week. The several baseball teams have organized, and the regular contests between them will soon begin. There will be two first teams, two second teams, four third teams, and two fourth teams. From the two first teams will be picked the Minim Specials, which team will compete against the ex-Minims for the championship. The little fellows have also organized a bicycle club, the members of which took their initial spin last Monday.

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The "Dolittles" played a practice game with the "Ping Pongs," last Thursday, and walloped them in seven innings by a score of 22 to 2.

\*\*\*

Brownson and the Goshen High School teams are scheduled for this afternoon at Cartier Field.

\*\*\*

The Brownson Hall baseball team opened the season last Sunday by defeating the Cosmopolitan Stars of South Bend, 17 to 2. The visitors were entirely outclassed, while our fellows simply toyed with their pitchers, getting a total of 19 hits. For Brownson

McDermott pitched three innings without allowing a hit. McKeown gave but one hit in three innings; Litzelman held them to one hit and struck out six men in two innings, and Waldorlf gave them two hits and struck out three in the last inning.

Brownson—6 3 2 1 3 0 1 1 \* 17 19 3  
C. Stars—0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 2 4 7

Batteries—B. McDermott, Litzelman, McKeown, Waldorlf and Sheehan. C. Stars—Casimer, Leahy, and Giggleski. Umpire—Sam.

\*\*\*

Manager Grant and the South Bend Central Leaguers have been quartered at the University since Monday getting themselves in shape for the opening game on Monday next. They have been putting in four and five hours hard practice every day and are in first class condition for the series, so that our fellows will have to hustle to make any kind of a showing against them. Grant says his fellows are going to make a strong bid for the pennant this season, and he believes in getting after it right from the start.

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Get your season tickets.

\*\*\*

Have you forgotten the prize offered for the best baseball song for the rooters?

\*\*\*

J. Fred Powers, our star athlete of '00 and '01, was on the campus for a few hours last Wednesday greeting old friends.

\*\*\*

Several very interesting games have been played during the past week between the "Yannigans," captained by Ruehlbach, and the "Finnegans" captained by Stephan. The contests usually end 2-1, 3-2, the two teams being about even in the number of victories. These games have provided excellent practice for the men, and they will enter the South Bend series in the best of form. The men still left in the squad are: Capt. Stephan, Antoine, Farabaugh, Ruehlbach, O'Gorman, Medley, Aldermann, Burns, McInerny, Sherry, Geoghegan, O'Connor, O'Neill, Shaughnessy, Kinney, Salmon, Kanaley, McDonald and McDermott. This squad may be reduced before the series commences.

\*\*\*

The track men have been practising out of doors for the past week. J. P. O'R.



## Cards of Sympathy.

News of the death of Mr. Meinard Rumely of Laporte, Ind., was received with much sorrow by his friends at Notre Dame. Mr. Rumely had lived an industrious and useful life and had been spared for eighty-one years. In the business world he was known as the founder of the Rumely Threshing Machine Works, the seventh largest industry of its kind in the world. But Mr. Rumely's prominence was not restricted to mercantile and manufacturing pursuits merely, his benefactions to charity and the Catholic Church, of which he was an active member, have made him well known and beloved. His sons have attended this University, and he was always an appreciative friend of Notre Dame. Father Cavanaugh delivered the sermon at Mr. Rumely's funeral and Fathers Morrissey and Scheier were in attendance.

\* \*

The fellow cadets and associates of Charles A. Gering, of St. Edward's Hall, wish to extend to him and his family their sympathy at the death of Mrs. Gering.

## Local Items.

—Mrs. J. S. Connolly has the sincere thanks of the students of St. Edward's Hall for her generous gift to their reading-room library.

—J. Fred Powers, one of Notre Dame's former athletes, spent a few days at the University last week. Fred is now coach at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and has developed some winning teams both in track and basket-ball. We hope his success will continue.

—Brother Fabian, C. S. C., a genial and popular canvasser for the *Ave Maria*, returned to spend Holy Week at Notre Dame after making a long and arduous trip through Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota and Missouri. Hard work and inclement weather fail to make his countenance less cheerful.

—The old-time enthusiastic interest taken in baseball among the different Halls, a spirit that has been dormant for some time, is evidently awakening with unusual vigor this spring. Every Hall in the University has candidates for a team, and active practice is the daily programme. An Inter-Hall schedule is being arranged, and indications promise the return of that old baseball rivalry that used to characterize the Hall spirit in past years. Already the different halls have elected cap-

tains and managers and the teams have commenced practice. Prospects for a good season of Inter-hall games are brighter than ever before. Considerable interest centres around these games, owing to the fact that as this year's graduating class takes with it almost two-thirds of our baseball team, the Varsity of next year will be composed of the men who have made the best showing in this year's Inter-hall games. Each team has been assigned a coach, and it would be well for those who have any Varsity aspirations to put forth their best efforts in the coming series of games.

—The landscape gardeners at the University have been busy the last week preparing flower-beds and clearing the lawns. The numerous century plants, so familiar to old students, will be missing from their accustomed places this year, as they were sent by the University to St. Louis to adorn the grounds at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. But various other flowers will be planted in their place, which will convert the lawn into an ideal park.

—Some time before Easter the St. Joseph Society held a short session and voted that a resolution of thanks be tendered Very Rev. President Morrissey and Brother Florian for the excellent banquet lately given the organization. The rest of the evening was given to work connected with the management of the St. Joe baseball team. Messrs. W. Perce was elected Manager; P. Malloy, Captain; C. McDermott, Treasurer; and D. Madden, Custodian. The diamond on St. Joe campus will soon be put in good condition. Manager W. Perce says he has much good material among the new boys and that there is no lack of enthusiasm shown. He is confident that he will have a winning team.

—Our Notre Dame division of the Michigan Central RR. is at last coming into notoriety. A wreck, in which there was a great loss of time instead of life, occurred last Tuesday. The flange on one of the wheels of a flat car was broken off and the car derailed. A wrecking crew was soon on the spot and the necessary repairs made. As the temperature was warm (it became torrid in the vicinity of the man whose fingers were slightly smashed by the wrecked car) no inconvenience was suffered by the delay in bringing the coal. It is said that the wreck will not interfere in any way with the Company's plan of again running the hand-car excursion to Niles and vicinity.

—The recent frescoing of the Sorin Hall walls apparently brought grief to a certain post-graduate—an inhabitant of that illustrious hall. As we strolled down stairs recently the pathetic voice of the "P. G." pouring out his soul in dramatic eloquence greeted our ears. He ranted somewhat like this:

"Oh, that it should come to this. But twelve months ago—aye, scarce twelve—since your wisdom did so enlighten the world; and now lie you low and none so poor as to do you reverence!"

We descended to the first floor hoping to learn the cause of the wailing and if possible to condole with the sufferer. There we found him with hands clasped, gazing wistfully at his photo lying among those of other staff editors of former years in one corner of the hallway. They had been temporarily removed by the painter. We endeavored to console the poor unfortunate, but he was not to be pacified.

—On Thursday evening, March '24, a meeting of the students of Sorin Hall was called for the purpose of discussing the prospects of a hall baseball team. This hall has in former years put forth a representative team, and especially so last year, when, under the guidance of G. A. Farabaugh as captain, Sorin succeeded in winning the Inter-hall championship. At the assembly several of the Varsity men spoke, recommending the action taken and encouraging the students to go out and try for the team. Before adjourning for the evening "Jack" O'Connor was elected manager. No captain has as yet been chosen. Sorin Hall feels confident of being able to retain the championship.

—The recent entertainment given by the students of St. Joseph's Hall under the auspices of the St. Joseph Debating and Literary Society was a grand success. After some pleasing music from the University orchestra, M. Malloy made the address of welcome to the Very Reverend Father Morrissey and the other guests and members of the Faculty among whom were the Vice-President, Rev. J. J. French, and Fathers Marr, McGuire, and Hennessy. Mr. D. L. Madden showed much ability in a recitation which was followed by J. Powell's comic declamation which received hearty applause. Edward O'Flynn next delivered an oration. At the end of the program, the Very Rev. President made a few encouraging remarks which were attentively listened to and very warmly applauded.

—A French astrologer some time ago predicted that Japan and Russia would clash, so to retain the friendship of the French, the Russian and Japanese diplomats got together and ordered a brand-new home-made war, the preliminaries to which are still going on. Not to be outdone, a resident of Bertrand (who dates all events from the night of the big wind and still swears by Abe Lincoln for President, and John L. Sullivan for Sheriff) got up from his bed one night last week and walking into the office of the Bertrand Hummer, took the editor aside and poured into his left ear a prediction that "Spring has come," and also that certain events would

happen at Notre Dame. Both his predictions have been verified. "Spring has come," and certain events have become known at Notre Dame. These events are nothing more or less than the organization of the "Big Four" Baseball League, which intends to promote the great game on any and all diamonds for the balance of the season. The League, be it understood, is in no way connected with the "Fall Grass League," or the "Three X League," but is a distinct organization. The teams comprising it are: the "Rag Tails," the "Dolittles," the "Rudy Jays," and the "Ping Pongs." The "Rag Tails" are managed by Joseph Lantry and captained by "Shorty" Uhrick. This is Lantry's fourth successful season as manager of the "Rag Tails." He has had considerable experience in this line, his captivating smile always standing him in good stead. Captain Uhrick has been playing ball since he was three years and two days old. Last season he knocked the highest foul ever seen on the Brownson campus. He is a clever base stealer as it is directly in his line.

The other old men who are still with the "Rag Tails" are Rush and Condon. Rush expects to be able to gravitate round 3d base as usual. Rothwell, the star of last year's team, and Kasparis, an old player, have telephoned their regrets. George Addix McDermott is manager, and Ben Reisner is captain of the "Rudy Jays." Geo. Addix is a natural-born manager. When he was quite young he used to manage his father's horses, and now he manages nearly everything that comes along. He is a graceful base runner, and stands nearly seven feet in the air. Captain Reisner is a new man, but years ago he used to chase balls for the Houston "stars," and in this way learned to distinguish between a baseball and a cucumber. He has also seen a regular game played, and held McDonald's bat once during a whole game. "Buffalo Bill" Bradley is manager and captain of the "Ping Pongs." He is young, wears a number seven shoe, and a new baseball glove, and can tell an umpire from a bricklayer at sight. His team will wear smiles and overshoes. The "Dolittles" have "Decoy" Hatfield for manager and F. A. T. Erdman for captain. This team is famous in history as the only one of the "Big Four" that came near winning a game last season. Captain Erdman once saw the Cleveland National League team when it passed through his town, and has talked to "Dusty" Miller, the old Cincinnati ball player. The "Dolittles" will wear nose guards and brand new belts. The season opens to-morrow, when the "Rudy Jays" and the "Rag Tails" clash, and the "Dolittles" and the "Ping Pongs" meet. Taprell's orchestra of one piece will furnish the music, and A. Alphonsus III, A. B., H. O., of Annex fame, will throw the first ball over the grand stand.